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OUR GOD IS THY GOD!

"Mortal," the angels say,
"Peace to thy heart;
We, too, O mortal,
Have been as thou art:
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part;
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.

Ye too," they gently say,
"Angels shall be;
Ye, too, O mortals,
From earth shall be free;
Yet in earth's loved ones
Still shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart.

Mortal," they sweetly say,
"Be our thoughts one;
Bend thou with us and pray
'Thy will be done!'
Our God is thy God,
Willeth the best,
Trust him as we trusted,
Rest as we rest!"

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THE PACIFIC

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"THE DAY OF THE LORD WILL COME!"

The Apostle Peter, one of the men in the training school of the Man of Nazareth during the years of his ministry on earth, wrote some of the Epistles which have been gathered with other writings of that early period and which constitute the Bible.

We say that Peter wrote the epistles bearing his name. If he didn't, then it was his "double" in spirit, some one who stood in close relation to him, and we thus are linked up pretty closely with the mind of the Master.

In one of the Epistles by Peter we read: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

We have been searching some of late to ascertain what the best accredited Christian scholars of our day have to say on this passage of Scripture.

No man in the present-day pulpit has a greater hold on the hearts of people the world over than Dr. Jowett of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, who came to this country a few years ago after a highly successful ministry among the Congregationalists of England. Readers of The Pacific will be glad to know what Dr. Jowett has to say on this passage from Peter. In his Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter, published in 1906, is to be found the following on the passage quoted:

"Here is an apostle vividly anticipating an awful day of judgment. In that final judgment righteousness is to be triumphantly vindicated and iniquity is to be irrevocably overwhelmed. The coming of the day is sure; the time of its dawning is uncertain. It will assuredly come, but it will come as a thief! The affairs of all men are moving forward to consummation and crisis. There are details in the apostle's outlook, the mere drapery of the expectation, which I do not profess to understand, and which I shall not attempt to explain. But altogether apart from the mysterious vestures in which the judgment is clothed, there are three outstanding characteristics of this stupendous crisis in the history of the soul. The anticipated judgment is to be a time of **dissolution.** 'The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with a fervent heat, and the earth and the works that therein shall be burned up.'

"With the material details in this description I am not now concerned. It is sufficient for me to receive this cardinal impression: that the judgment is to be a season of convulsion, of upheaval, of exposure of foundations, of the dissolution and exhibition of the component parts of things. In that day it is to be revealed of what elementary substance things and character are made. And secondly the anticipated judgment is to be a time of **discrimination.** This outstanding event is to mark not merely a culmination, but a crisis. Things are to be analyzed and tested, and judged by the pattern in the mount, and there is to be a separation of part from part, of character from character, of the healthy from the corrupt. 'The Wicked shall not stand in the judgment.' And thirdly, it is to be a time of **transformation.** Out of the dissolution is to arise a changed world. **According to his promise we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'** Out of the crisis is to be born a new morning, with new light and new atmosphere, and a new home, and a new spirit pervading all things. Such are the pre-eminent characteristics of this **overwhelming event** in which every earthly life is to culminate in the judgment presence of God.'

THE DEAD CHRIST BORNE DOWN THE AGES.

The entrance of the United States into the war, on Good Friday, is significant. This action, coming as it did on the day when Jesus of Nazareth went to his crucifixion, will be regarded variously. Some will say: "They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame."

Others will think of our nation as being led of God to the altar of sacrifice that good may come to the world.

In giving his life the Man of Nazareth found it. "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me!" Today his name is above every other name. His matchless service has enthroned him as the Matchless Character—ever drawing mankind unto him. And all down through the ages we find that the sacrificial things have become the influential things.

If it is in this sacrificial spirit that our country enters the war we shall find life and help others to find it.

But be these things as they may,—be it a fresh crucifixion of the Christ or a nation moving to "the fellowship of His sufferings," we see the dead Christ lie borne down the ages.

"O people crucified in every land,
Mothers in all the earth weeping your sons!
Sisters and lovers kissing the feet of love,
Poor way-worn feet, gross toil-disfigured hands,
So loved, so loved!
Once more the dead Christ lies—borne down the ages!"

LEAVES OF LIFE.

For many years the Editor of The Pacific has been gathering comforting, inspiring thoughts, and has been treasuring them for his own help and strengthening along the pathway of life. They have been read again and again year after year and have entered deep into his being. Some of these we believe will be of much comfort and help to our readers at this time of national crisis and world crisis, and we, therefore, give elsewhere in this number of The Pacific selections from our storehouse. Minds are trooubled and hearts are sad as our nation enters the great world war. No one can tell whether the end will

come soon now, or whether the fearful struggle will go on until hundreds of thousands of our loved ones lie dead on European soil and in the ocean's depths. Our people are bound still to hold different opinions as to the right and wrong of the war, and as to whether our nation should have gone in or stayed out. But be this as it may, good will result. No one can read the signs of the times and fail to see light ahead—better things for humanity all around the world because of this war.

It does not matter whether we are in to whip the Germans or to be refined by fire because we too needed such baptism. We are in for some reason and for some ultimate purpose, and must see it through.

As the German slogan of a few days ago "Victory or Death with Honor," sounds in our ears, we arrange and send forth the great thoughts already mentioned—for the comfort of our people in this time of trial.

CONSCRIPTION! TO WHAT EXTENT?

According to statements thus far made the Administration at Washington has determined on conscription. It is thought that the necessary number of soldiers cannot be secured otherwise. Of course there will be opposition, but this program is likely to be adopted.

Our hope is, then, that a further step will be taken and wealth be made to pay tribute. There is on now in the East a movement to secure the enactment by Congress of a measure to limit profits on food and other basic necessities of life to six per cent, for both wholesalers and retailers; and profits on all war supplies furnished to the Government to three and a half per cent. The measure which Congress will be asked to enact provides that all net incomes from five thousand to ten thousand dollars shall pay a tax of two and a half per cent; and on all incomes over ten thousand a tax on a sliding scale, beginning at ten per cent and rising to a point which will allow no person to retain during the war an annual net income in excess of one hundred thousand dollars.

The Secretary of the Treasury is reported as having said that it was his judgment that no one should be allowed a net income of more than $75,000 during the war. And consideration of a bill to tax incomes as low as $1,500 has been had in government circles.

Some weeks ago representatives of labor organizations all over the country went on record as follows:

"We recognize that service may be either military or industrial, both equally essential for national defense. We hold this to be incontrovertible that the government which demands that men and women give their labor power, their bodies on their lives to its service, should also demand the serving in the interest of these human beings of all wealth and the products of human toil—property.' '

We very much doubt whether the young men of this country and the working men and all those liable to service as soldiers will stand for conscription if there is not a prompt willingness on the part of those who will be exempt from going as fighters to bear their share of the burden and sacrifice. The call is to all to be loyal in deed as well as in word—to back up their talk of loyalty by such action as will show that they want here in America a real democracy.

"Signs of world brotherhood are beginning to appear in the narrowest hearts; they are melted in this fiery crucible," said Dr. Cadman in a recent sermon.

THE GIRLS ON THE BORDER.

An article in the April number of **Social Hygiene** sets forth the fine work that was done by the Young Women's Christian Association last year on the Mexican border.

It was in the larger cities that they found the great need for such work as they inaugurated. The complex conditions of life in the cities, the ease with which liquor could be bought, the freedom which a city permits and the sense that one is unknown added to the presence of hordes of the army and militia in the streets when off duty, created an atmosphere fraught with much danger. The writer says: "Here the normal restraints of family and friends were weak. One found all types of girls—girls who were restive under family restrictions and who availed themselves of every chance to get out from under them; girls whose homes were small and bare and who had no place to see their friends except on the street. There were considerable numbers of recently arrived working girls in these cities, for it was known that times were good and that jobs were plenty. The girls at home and those from away were all alike in one or two respects; they had the hopes and ambitions that girls have everywhere. They wanted pretty clothes and good times. There was very little in the way of clean, wholesome amusement. As one girl said, 'There's nothing to do but go to the movies or sit at home and rock.' And most girls do not care to rock much when down on the streets there is companionship, something going on, bright lights and the social soda fountains."

After establishing centers in San Antonio, El Paso and Douglas, the Y. W. C. A. proceeded to organize the wage-earning girls and young women of the city into self-governing clubs which should have recereational and social service features. Further, to enlist the older business woman to protect and feel responsible for the young girl just entering a wage-earning career; to bring to each a sense of comradeship with other working women and a sense of her opportunity to help make her city a better place in which to live.

A survey of the street life with its limitless temptations, the dance halls and the movies made it evident that this was but one step in the right direction. Recognizing that girls and boys would meet somewhere, the Y. W. C. A. secretaries put it up to the club girls that they were hostesses for the men who had come to the border from all parts of the country and that these men would go back to their homes and would tell what kind of hospitality the southern cities had extended.

"Each girl was made to feel that it was her responsibility to treat the boys and men as they would like to have their brothers and friends treated were they sent to a northern city, and to make the boys want to report the very nicest things that a man could say about a girl."

Thus were laid the foundations of a work on the border that the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. considers supremely worth while; not only as to the men, but as to the girls also. "The situation for the young women was saved through placing upon them the responsibility for hospitality to the visiting troops."

We quote a paragraph relating to the Christmas entertainments which were highly appreciated: "The very thought of Christmas away from home was sickening, and so general was the dread of holidays that special effort was made to entertain the men. On the 23d of December men from the medical corps in the base hospital were invited for a candy pull; on Sunday soldiers came to vespers and staid to a simple supper which seemed wonderful to them. Christmas day the Y. M. C. A. planned activities at camp, while the Y. W. C. A. invited to their building through newspapers, posters, and personal letters all girls who were

away from home. Then the parties continued (different companies on different evenings). Each group had prepared its stunt and was much concerned over its success and every group brought its band. The men were so eager to come that they usually arrived an hour before time and had to be turned loose in the gymnasium or were pressed into service to help."

We are told that it is impossible to estimate what the Y. W. C. A. was to the men on the border. Truly through the Association the girls on the border are marching into history.

"There is one conviction that every Y. W. C. A. secretary had," says Elizabeth Boies of the National Board, "and that is that army life is not necessarily evil, but that exploitation, environment, and deadly monotony are responsible for much of the immorality that is traditionally supposed to be inherent in it. One thing is fundamentally true and that is that boys will seek pleasures and if good fun is not available they will turn to the unwholesome. * * * It is natural that normal girls should want men friends, and that men should welcome an opportunity to get acquainted. The importance of the whole situation is that the acquaintance may have something more of dignity than picking up a friend in the movies and wandering home at a late hour by devious ways."

EXPERIENCES OF A NEW MISSION WORKER IN CHINA.

A Look at Life in That Land Through the Letters of Miss Bertha H. Allen.

Miss Bertha H. Allen, who reached Foochow last October for work in the Union Kindergarten Training School, is now at Ing-hok, 40 miles up the river from Foochow, devoting her time to language study.

One of her first experiences in Foochow was her "christening," as she must needs register her name in Chinese at the American consulate. The nearest Chinese approach to Allen is "Aug," meaning "peace." "Bertha" was interpreted Uk Ming, or "Dispenser of Brightness." Su-Gu is the title for "Teacher-aunt," or "Miss"; so our missionary, under the impressive cognomen, Aug Uk Ming Su Gu, becomes "Miss Dispenser of Brightness Peace."

The word "Aug" is a good illustration of the Chinese picture-language, the character used being the sign for "woman" (which itself is interesting as being exactly like the "unknown quantity"—1/X) under a roof; for the Chinese say that where there is only one woman under a roof there is peace!

Miss Allen arrived in Foochow in season for the celebration of the 70th anniversary of Foochow Mission, when the new church, seating over 2000, was full to overflowing. At one of the sessions the Governor-General of the province sat patiently upon the platform, though unable to understand the service, as he speaks Mandarin.

He is described as being "a fine large man, with long, parted mustache," and although not a Christian he is a much-enlightened man. The industrial exhibit of Miss Hartwell's schools, including cloth, rugs, laces, inlaid tables, etc., particularly impressed him. Indeed, so deeply interested has he become in one of the orphanages under Miss Hartwell's care that he contributes a large sum monthly for its support.

Soon after the anniversary meetings, seven ladies of the mission made a call upon the Governor-General, and Miss Allen thus describes the experience:

"Mr. Peet had written the day before to ask if we might come, and had received an answer at one o'clock that morning!

"We filled two carriages, riding the two blocks to arrive in state. At the gate we presented our cards, and were led between soldiers up to the reception-room by an official who held our cards up like a fan before him. The Governor and his aged mother were at the wide door to greet us, and we were most cordially ushered around a red cloth-covered table and served with tea and dainties, the official sitting at one end, with his mother opposite him. As the missionaries do not speak Mandarin, the talking had to be done through a Chinese woman interpreter. A little organ was brought in and Miss Hartwell played some hymns while we sang. Then the children of the household came in, about 20 in number, and they sang for us in Chinese with their teacher, who had been for a short time in our Foochow Girls' College.

It was all delightful and we did not realize we were in a great official's house; they were so cordial and unassuming. When we came away we kept bowing and smiling without turning our backs. They told us our clothes were very beautiful!"

Another novel experience is thus described:

"I've just come from from my first Chinese feast. There were ten guests, including four Americans. It was one of a series of bridal feasts, but the bride only peeked through the cracks at us and held her brother-in-law's baby."

"We sat in the open room of the native house, about a round table, each with a porcelain spoon and chopsticks. We four Americans were allowed tiny plates.

"Each course came in hot in a pewter bowl, which was set in the middle of the table, and each of us had to dip in the with the chop sticks. It behooved us to hurry or our next-door neighbor would think we were bashful and help us lavishly with her own chop sticks! I lost track of the number of courses, but think there were at least twelve, ending with a huge bowl of dry steamed rice for each of us. Luckily for me a dog kept running under my chair, and he enjoyed an occasional piece of fish bone, crab's leg or goat's skin, from my plate. Really some of the things were quite good, especially a cooked cabbage and meat mixture. Between courses we all had to take a sip of sweetened water together from our tiny cups, when this cooled it was poured back to be heated over, and another pot full was brought in. At an ordinary heathen feast this would have been wine instead."

Under date of November 17, Miss Allen writes: "Rice is just at the harvest stage. We saw some being cut with a sort of knife, some being bound into bundles to be taken to large wooden barrels, where the grain is knocked off by being beaten against the sides. In another place we saw men bringing baskets full of rice, on bamboo poles—what would China do without bamboo, I wonder!—to a group of women with dust-pan-shaped baskets, who scooped it up and shook it to separate the chaff, and finally spread it on large mats curled up at the sides.

"The only trouble was that as soon as we'd get near enough to a group to see how they worked, they'd all stop working to watch us as we strung out single file along the curving pathways. (There were nine of us, out for a Saturday afternoon picnic.) The straw which is left is piled into a wigwam shape with a topknot which looks as though it ought to be tied with a hair ribbon! This straw when dried is tied into bundles and taken into the city for winter beds, and often the loads are larger than the women carrying them.

"We had a jolly picnic on a hilltop under a beautiful group of pines beside the tomb of an ancient mandarin. A

great crowd of men and children gathered around to watch us eat, coming gradually nearer and nearer until they shut out too much light and Mr. Neff of Union College, asked them to move back.

"Mr. Towey of the M. E. Mission, had hung his Harvard sweater over a stone lion that guarded the tomb, and when we were ready to start for home the sweater had disappeared.

"Ray Gardner (Pomona '14, but born in Foochow and thoroughly familiar with Chinese characters), paid a boy to show him the house where the sweater had been carried. A woman came to the door and declared she knew nothing about it, but the men offered her a dollar to help them find it. Her 'face' was 'saved' by this proposition and she brightened up and told them to start on—perhaps she could find it. They had not gone but a few steps when she ran jubilantly after them with the lost sweater, saying in a surprised tone that she had found it!"

On Thanksgiving day a postscript reads: "Hurrah for California Dry! We've just heard of it. Now I'm not so sorry after all that I had to come away before election." The rumor must have been corrected long ere this, for the good Pacific finds its way to Ing-hok, where it is passed round the circle of missionaries.

It was about the first of December that Miss Allen went up to Ing-hok, or Ing-tai, as the village is now called, taking her Chinese teacher with her, a Mr. Chai Sing Sang. She says: "It was a fascinating two-days' trip up the river in a houseboat. We had a woman on board who would jump into the water up to her waist to help push us over the rapids, along with the men.

"So here I am in a beautiful spot on a hill surrounded by pines, with the river rushing like the San Gabriel in midwinter, at our feet. Beautiful mountains are all around us, with occasional 'rainbow' trees in gay autumn foliage, and just across from my south window a little brook comes rushing from a canyon.

"There is a high wall all around our big gray brick building, with a gatehouse down by the river. The Ing-hok Girls' School occupies one part of the house, and Miss Waddell (W. B. M. I.) and myself the other.

"It is tantalizing not to be able to talk. Last night I went out and stammered the word for 'play' to a bunch of girls. They looked confused, so I pulled out my handkerchief and drew them into a ring. This they understood and in a moment they had led me to their playground and called the other girls, and for half an hour our shouts rang among the hills. I'm so glad every language has a laugh!"

On January 7, she writes:

"It is splendid experience for me have to talk to the cook and table boy and make them understand when I came down to breakfast today I told 'Pel Mel' (my name for our jack-at-all-trades boy) that Huang Su-Gu (Miss Waddell) didn't care for any breakfast this morning, and no, she didn't want it served upstairs, and that one waffle was all I wanted after my pomels, three persimmons, five dates, a banana and a great bowl of puffed rice! And he really understood! It is only on occasions like this that I realize I'm making any progress in the language. But it almost surpasses plane geometry as an interesting study!"

Chinese New Year's holidays were spent in Foochow and of this occasion we read under date of January 23:

"All the boards have been put up in front of the shops along the streets and everyone is having a holiday. Last night firecrackers boomed all night and it was a time of gay feasting by families. Everyone scrambled around to pay off his debts, and if anyone didn't have money enough, he hid overnight so his creditor's couldn't find him. The creditors went around with blame books dangling at their belts, carrying a lighted lantern. Many of the lanterns were kept burning after daylight today, for it is considered night so long as the lantern is going, and therefore they may continue to search for their debtors.

"Everyone who could possibly afford it has a new coat today. It was interesting to walk through the streets this afternoon and meet groups of gaily-garbed children, out to show off their red coats, lavendar trousers, embroidered shoes, or 'foreign' hats. We saw some awfully funny combinations, such as velvet, and a dumpy Derby hat pulled down over his ears! Everyone seemed happy and care free. The children had knobby all-day suckers and whistling balloons, and the grown-ups had musical instruments and cymbals.

"Out of the cracks of the houses were sticking pieces of gilt paper, an offering to the god of prosperity, so that during the coming year the family should be so prosperous that the money would stick out through the cracks of their houses! Last night we saw a man burning a number of pictures of clothes in order to clothe the spirit of some one in the family who had died during the year. Incense sticks are burning everywhere, making tiny fire-specks among the stones in the streets and on the walls of the houses.

"All the teachers and house servants who have gone to celebrate with the family. Even the dogs seem to feel the greatness of the occasion, for they sit calmly before the closed shops and watch the bunches of firecrackers go off near them.

"You ought to see the long bamboo poles with their dozens of gay dangling lanterns. There are horses which little children 'ride' by suspending the head half in front and the tail half behind. Then there are bunnies, buffalo cows, fish, houses with people inside, whirling arrangements in, which shadows of people in carriages and jinrikishas move past, gorgeous flowers, and funny men. I've never seen anything like the gay variety that have lined the street this week."

In her most recent letter, date February 18, Miss Allen speaks of the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith to Foochow, bringing inspiration and blessing to the Mission, and she makes mention again of the splendid men and women who make up the Mission and of her own joy and pride in being a part of such a group.

THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

The Good Shepherd.

When Bosio, the early explorer of the Catacombs, opened the first tomb, he was disappointed to find only a rough outline of a shepherd, with a helpness lamb upon his shoulder. The figure of all others, most dear in the portraitures of John's gallery is "the good shepherd." It apealed lovingly to the comon people of the church in those early centuries.

"She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,
And on his shoulder, not a lamb but kid."

Has this touching conception no lesson for these days? Cardinal Mercier, the Prince of the church in Malines, is also a brave and gentle shepherd of the flock, and one who draws every Christian heart to himself. It would have been easy for him to bow in the House of Rimmon were he of the ordinary type; but he comes down from his high eminence, and taking his place with his flock, he stands at his post at a time which demands the noblest heroism. He is one who would lay down his life for his sheep, if need be. For once the maddened Kaiser has stayed his hand. He has not dared, as yet, to strike down this man of all other Belgians he would wish sacrificed. Though there had

come a swift telegram from Rome, disturbed by the Cardinal's boldness, and urging the necessity of prudence, the hero of the hour has not swerved. When the order came to transport innocent men and women from their ancestral homes, he uttered the boldest protest.

To his own people he writes in words of hope and encouragement "God will save Belgium, my brethren. Nay He is saving. Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood; have you not glimpses? do you not perceive signs of God's love to us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium is growing great?"

Or, to go back to August 2nd, "When a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength, and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, did not all Belgium without difference of party or of condition or of origin, rise as one man and close about the king and government, and cry to the invader, "Thou shalt not go through."

We need not carry out the contrasts, which are always marked in history, where there is the light, there is also the dark shadow; where there is the good shepherd, there is the hireling, whose own the sheep are not; there are the wolves that snatch and scattereth the tender flock. But not every one is interested in a menagerie with its tigers and jackalls, though chained. We love to come nearer home, and look upon one we have learned to honor

"How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead.
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
An brave old wisdom of sincerity."

If any one has had to do with the municipalities on our coast, not to go farther afield, he must have deeply impressed with the need of a firm and gentle shepherd at their lead. Here and there God has semed to have chosen and raised up one specially fitted unselfishly to love and care for the people. But when he is at the door and ready to make the sacrifice the moment demands, the masses, how often, will rise up and blindly claim, as this very week, "not this man but Barabbas." "Now Barabbas was a robber." It is the old story. The Athenians ostracized Aristides, the Just, but welcomed back with acclaim Alcibiades, the dangerous egotist.

But who presumes to expound the Tenth of John or Ezek XXXIV without being impressed with the responsibility of the Christian pastor to feed the flock of Christ, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

I have just received a kind letter from a very old friend. He is in the eighties, but is still spared to tend the fold in a beautiful country parish in Vermont, which numbers many more than a hundred little lambs under the age of five. He never more enjoyed his work; nor perhaps was ever more loved or useful.

"He never changed nor sought to change his plans."

He has wasted no precious time seeking a better "living," nor was he one

"Who makes God's work a sinecure,
Slave to his own pleasures and his patron's pride."

Prof. Nash of Cambridge, recently deceased, startled his audience when he declared "The minister is never so near Hell as when in the pulpit." Some of us who are practically through our work, know what he meant. How humilitating when we look over our own short years of service! What a large place the self has held, and how little has been the transmission of that self into personal and effective action!

Joseph Parker was one of London's most eloquent orators, a man of great weight and power in his day, was drawing, perhaps unconsciously from his own experience when he wrote of the popular preacher. "He is God's legate of the skies. But when he goes into his study he writes between the lines of his sermon, that he is a clever man, that no one can hear such sentences unless he applauds their tastes, their beauty, or their rhythm. He is pleased, as a child with a toy, when he hits upon some novel conceit in phraseology; he says it will strike, it will gratify; it will be talked about, it will be declared original and piquant." What saith the Scriptures, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my words." Horace Bushnell after he had successfully laid out the beautiful park in Hartford, that has since been called after his name, wrote to his friend, Dr. Bartol. "This park matter has been a kind of revelation to me which I pray God I may never forget. Why should I carry a park to bed with me, and work it over in my dreams during the night, and wake in the morning, and be so little exercised in the magnificent work of the gospel and the care of souls."

Something of the blessedness of the good shepherd may rest upon all the Saviour's followers who are brought into close relation with their fellow men, as seen in the family, the school and the mart. President Wilson said not long since "The whole business world is yet to be regenerated and rehabilitated, private property to be serviceable, because no longer a personal matter."

There is another figure in the chapter closely allied to the one we have been considering. "I am the door; by me if any man enter he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

We are all familiar with the door. It is an open door, swinging within and without. We are often weary, and it is a real solace to go within and find warmth and a sense of security, much better than to be outside with tramps and animals. The shepherd comes in time and leads us out to rich pastures; and we share in the great world harvest.

Christ is the door that opens to us the larger life, a life more and more abundant. He points to the way of real happiness—blessedness. And we must not forget, what is best of all. It does not lead to self-indulgence. The lamp of sacrifice goes before.

In New England we remember the door with its panels and cross-beam and are reminded of the cross of Calvary. It had come down from times when this form of the cross had escaped the almost universal expulsion from the church of everything that savored of symbolism or idolatry. But here it was in every humble home, and in every room in the house. It ought to have taught us that through every door we pass, we should carry the spirit of the good shepherd of the sheep, who will not refuse to be "the servant of the house."

"Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise;
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!"

"Before the face of God we swear:
As life is good and sweet,
Under the sun
This horror shall not come again;
Never, never again
Shall twenty million men,
Nor twenty, no, nor ten,
Leave all God gave them in the hands of one—
Leave the decision over peace and men
To king or kaiser, president or tsar."

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD.

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"
"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."
"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad.
And ever so strong, you know."

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright."
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad.
But I feel that I'm doing right."
"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad,
You're all of my life, you know."
"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.
And I've had the fire in the parlour lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright.
Till my boy come home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night."

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again today.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But oh I'm afraid, afraid."

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad:
You'll never come back again:
(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had,
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

—From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" by Robert W. Service.

"THROUGH THE CHINESE REVOLUTION."

The older books on China were graphic pictures of the superficial aspects of Chinese life, in which the blue gown, the straight black hair, the crowded streets and the vile odors had conspicuous place. It was considered difficult if not impossible to understand the Chinese, and the few generalizations that were made concerning the inner life and thought of the Chinese people were mostly wrong. Some looked at the Chinese not unkindly, but without the attitude of mind which would enable them to interpret the ideals and aspiration of such an alien race. Others frankly assumed that the swarming multitudes were a market, maintaining a trade which was lucrative to the outsider, but having no other common interest.

Several books of a new type have been put before the public within the last fifteen years, tacitly disproving the old notion that a European could never understand an Oriental. Among the most rewarding of these, because of its intimate pictures of the leaders of modern China, is Fernald Farjenel's "Through the Chinese Revolution." The author is a French traveler, prepared to understand the country he is to visit by a study of its language and a sympathetic spirit, not blinded by race pride, nor convinced in advance that the sleeping giant is incapable of responding to new political and social ideas. He spent the eventful year of 1912 in China, traveling from Yunnan to Manchuria. With the enterprise and spirit of the modern journalist, he saw everything and everybody that had any share in the great transformation of the nation. Chatty as a globe trotter, he is also a profound analyst of character. He hears what the "old China hand" has to say and discounts it by his own first-hand reading of Chinese newspapers. He studies bomb-throwing revolutionists and hidebound conservatives of the old mandarin type. He is ready to prepare a careful report on finances for President Yuan, while he pierces beneath the pretence of a republican administration to the reactionary autocracy of this strong but unprincipled man. Who would have thought that we should see Sun Yatsen, Yuan Shikai, Li Yuanhung and Huang Hing as clearly delineated as we expect our newspapers to picture Lloyd-George or General Joffre? One can scarcely maintain the current contempt for China, even for its military capacity, when he reads of the skillful diplomacy and the systematic political propaganda as well as the desperate fighting which made the revolution a success.

A significant characteristic of the book is the author's clear-sighted distrust of the traditional view in the foreign settlements concerning the work of the missionaries, the capacity of the Chinese and most matters not connected with foreign trade. Strange as it may appear, the author is not so much concerned at the aggression of Japan in China as at the political and financial greed of the European powers in their attempt to bind China down with their loans. The book carries conviction, for it is not a partizan statement on behalf of any particular interest, but an illustration of how much there is in Chinese life and thought which ignorance and prejudice have prevented us from knowing.

Through the Chinese Revolution is published by F. A. Stokes Co., New York. Price $2.50. G. W. H.

THE LATEST AS TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

On the 15th of March the British Weekly had mention of the situation as to the liquor traffic and said: "Nevertheless we believe that prohibition is coming. People cannot and will not believe that there is danger of famine so long as they see the immense facilities given to the drink trade. A people growing daily more pinched will begin to think and to ask why their children should starve in order that the drinker should have his beer. The Government will find itself debarred from really effective action till they are bold enough to enforce prohibition. Also we see that prohibition is capturing the reason and intelligence of the country. We could almost fill our paper with the records of the admirable stand now being made by influential bodies all over the country."

LEAVES OF INSPIRATION AND HEALING.

From the World's Great Thinkers and Seers.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God! —Psalm 42:5.

'Tis always morning somewhere. And above the awakening
continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing forevermore.
—Longfellow.

We pace the deck together,
Faith and I;
And catch in the darkest weather
The far-off eastern sky.
—Heinrich Heine.

God works in all things,
All obey his first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch!
The world is gray with morning light.
—Whittier.

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is day-break everywhere.
—Longfellow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!
—J. G. Holland.

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting,
Alone God sufficeth."

"All is of God that is and is to be;
And God is good. Let this suffice us still.
Resting in childlike trust upon his will,
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill."

Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us.
—Longfellow.

"Today for Love's sake hope, still hope in sorrow;
Rest in her shade and hold her dear;
Today she nurses thee; and lo! tomorrow
Love only will be near."

Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The order cometh: "Work till day is done!'
Deem not the beauty of the morning's rise
Has not an answer in the setting sun!
—From "A Rubaiyat of Hope."

From transient evil I do trust
That we a final good shall draw;
That in confusion, death, and dust,
Are light and law.
—Alice Cary.

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.
—Tennyson.

"A finer peace shall be wrought out of pain
Than the stars in their courses know;
Ah me! but my soul is in sorrow till then
And the feet of the years move slow."

Not so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although he lingers long
He never comes too late.
—Bradford Torrey.

* * * If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast, its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.
—Browning.

Heaven over-arches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves.
Look up with me until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
—Christina Rossetti.

While I see day succeed the deepest night,
How can I speak but as I know?—my speech
Must be, throughout the darkness, 'It will end.
The light that did burn will burn.'
So never I miss footing in the maze
No! I have light nor fear the dark at all.
—Browning.

"Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right."

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I shall believe the Hand which never fails
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And though I weep because those sails are battered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust in Thee."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm,
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.
—J. G. Holland.

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with a silken twine.
—Wm. Blake.

The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,
But gush by pressure from above;
With God's hand on the lever.
—Holland.

But all through life I see a cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath;
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no vision but by faith.
—Olrig Grange.

"The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole."

God help us do our duty and not shrink!
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.
—Owen Meredith.

"I cannot do it alone
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
God and I."

Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own.
—Lowell.

Be like the bird, that, pausing in her flight
A while on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.
—Victor Hugo.

"We plan and plan: 'This shall be so, and so.
This shall I do,' and 'Thither shall I go.'
Yet as the hours shape themselves to days,
We tread not in those same self-chosen ways;
Our feet are led 'long paths we had not guessed,
And lo! we find these newer paths are best."

In the long days of God,
In the world's path untrod,
The world will yet be led,
Its heart be comforted. —Tennyson.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side,
And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.
—Washington Gladden.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
—Tennyson.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe.

My real self has yet to come forth.
It shall yet march forth o'ermastering till all lies beneath me;
It shall yet stand up the soldier of unquestioned victory.
—Walt Whitman.

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first.
I ask not. * * * * *
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!
—Browning.

Sing we of the Golden City
Pictured in the legends old:
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.

We are builders of that city,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building-stones.
—Felix Adler.

Beloved, now are we children of God; and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be.—The Apostle John.

The world travels on, and shall travel on.

A few centuries shall not exhaust the meanings of it.

In you and me, too, inevitably, its meanings await with their unfolding.

When the Ideal has once alighted, when it has looked forth from the windows with ever so passing a glance upon the earth, then the rest will be seen to.

When a new desire has declared itself within the human heart, * * * then the revolutions of nations are already decided and histories unwritten are written.
—Edward Carpenter.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conqueror at last!
Hymns to the universal God, from universal Man—all joy! * * *
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! Joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstacy of life!" ——Whitman.

THE VISION OF PEACE.

O, beautiful Vision of Peace,
Beam bright in the eyes of Man!
The host of the meek shall increase.
The Prophets are leading the van.
Have courage; we see the Morn!
Never fear, tho' the Now be dark!
Out of Night the Day is born;
The Fire shall live from the spark.
It may take a thousand years
Ere the Era of Peace hold sway.
Look back and the Progress cheers
And a thousand years are a day!
The World grows—yet not by chance;
It follows some marvellous plan;
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,
God rules the training of Man.
—Nathan Haskell Dole.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

OPTIGRAMS.

By Hugh Elmer Brown.

We are subject to attacks of magnified self-importance.

Some condescensions are exquisitely benevolent.

Eloquence often delights in impaling the obvious.

The comic view of life is liable to end in tragedy.

The Christian life is the common life lived in an uncommon way.

The sniper that picks off "good intentions," one by one, is inattention.

Explanations seem more convincing when their roots are seen winding into the soil of experience.

Some books end in a midnight; some in a twilight; some in a dawn, like the Bible.

It is hard to waken a mind which has been put to bed in a comfortable creed.

The college graduate owes a huge debt to society; idleness in him is most inexcusable.

"The uninvested abilities" of the "alumni" could push the world a million miles closer to the millennium.

Progress for many men means that they have discovered that faith, prayer and worship are "old-fashioned."

Fortunately for us all, the Gospel is "ready-to-wear" and "form-fit" for all under-sized souls.

One of the very finest achievements of the devil is the inertia of the comfortable.

Man shall not live by stocks and bonds and limousines, but by faith, hope and love—life's sunny trinity.

Look up the comments on life by Jesus to find the best answer to the question: "How to Get Along With Other People."

Sitting still will never cure a cramp in the calf of faith; a man must get up and stir around.

Collective expectation is powerful; let a whole city expect honorable action of a certain man, and the chances are that he will deliver.

Some reject what father and mother believed, because they believe it is fashionable to be "off color" theologically.

When the churches begin seriously to close in on the "masses" they will look into the leakage of 45 per cent of their own boys.

When the mind of a man enlists in the army of "General Sentiment," it will have a hard time ever getting an "honorable discharge."

The easiest man on earth to please is the man whose chief pleasure is in giving pleasure.

The Bible has some suggestions on The Management of the Mind During the Minister's Long Prayer; laymen take note!

The Sunday School is the church's first-line trench in her great war of spiritual conquest.

The Bible is the richest record of the spiritual experience of the race; it is a "testimony meeting" covering 1,500 years.

DOCTRINAL PREACHING EXPERIENCES OF A WASHINGTON PASTOR.

Dear Mr. Ferrier:

The last issue of "The Pacific" for March was up to the usual high mark. I was much interested in the reference to doctrinal preaching, coinciding as it does with my own experience. For four months I conducted an open forum on Sunday evenings, alternating myself with speakers from out of town. Much good came to the community through the frank discussion of vital themes. Realizing that even good things can be overdone, I decided to give the open forum a rest and prepared a list of topics for six Sundays. I had a small card printed and organized a men's chorus. The printer made a suggestion that I have my morning themes printed on the reverse side of the card. I agreed, and the doctrinal questions I had arranged for the morning sermons thus received wider announcement. That the experience in Broadway Tabernacle is not unique, I know to my surprise. The evening services have been tame in comparison with the interest and enthusiasm of the morning congregations. People said to me that if I preached like that all the time they would come to church oftener. Perhaps I have learned my lesson.

Very sincerely yours,

Coupeville, Wash. JOHN MURRAY PRATT.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. A. B. Patten wil enter on his work at Forest Grove, Oregon, next Sunday.

The Alameda Church welcomed thirteen new members last Sunday, eight uniting on confession.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland welcomed into fellowship 46 persons last Sunday, 20 on confession of faith.

Park Church, Berkeley received three persons into membership Easter Sunday, two uniting on confession of faith.

For the next three Sundays the pulpit of First Church, San Francisco, will be occupied by the Rev. Dr. Alfred J. Kummer.

Thirty-five persons were welcomed into membership last Sunday by Plymouth Church, Oakland, 19 uniting on confession of faith.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. Dr. Frear will speak concerning his recent visit to Hawaii.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer has decided not to go to Japan and China just now. War clouds bring the thought that he may be needed at home.

In the union revival services in Fresno conducted by Dr. Charles Reign Scoville, 3506 persons had made confession of Christ up to and including the first of April.

Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, welcomed 31 new members last Sunday, 28 coming on confession. Since Mr. Campbell's pastorate began 145 have been received.

"What a man sows he also reaps, and the world is suffering today from the seed which has been sown in the past," remarked Dr. Dyott of Portland last Sunday in his sermon.

The Ocean View Church, San Francisco received 14 members last Sunday, all on confession of faith. Bethlehem received three on confession. At a recent communion service nine persons united with Mission Church.

Rev. E. Guy Talbott, Executive Secretary of the California State Church Federation, left Los Angeles April 10th for New York to attend a meeting of the Commission on Inter-church Federation of the Federal Council, preparatory

to a great Congress on Christian Efficiency to be held in Pittsburg, October 1-4, 1917. While in New York, Mr. Talbott will also attend a conference of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Before returning to California, he will hold conferences and deliver addresses in twenty-five cities in the Middle West and South in the interest of Church Federation work.

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER AT SAN JOSE.

Special plans were laid early in March for a series of special meetings to be held during "Passion Week" and Easter. Elaborate and beautiful souvenir programs were made and sent to each family. On the evening of March 30th the minister, Rev. E. A. King, gave a stereopticon lecture entitled "The Man of Galilee" consisting of 100 beautiful colored lantern slides including the William L. Taylor collection.

Sunday morning April first was observed as Palm Sunday with special music and a sermon on "The Triumphant Christ." In the evening there was a service with pictures and Church hymns.

The special meetings began Tuesday evening and continued until Friday. Three of them were held in the parish house and one, the Thursday evening service, was held in the main auditorium. The programs consisted of readings from the New Testament account of the Last Week of Jesus' life interspersed with the singing of appropriate pictures and once in a while hymns were sung from the lantern screen. Each evening there was a special solo. A small choir of young people led the singing. One evening Mr. King spoke on "The Mystery of Jesus" and another evening on "The Cause of Jesus' Sorrow in the Garden."

On Thursday evening there was a regular church service with the choir and the celebration of the Communion. At this service twelve new members were received by vote of the church. The fact that some of these are young men and women coming in on confession of faith makes the outlook hopeful. There was a large attendance at this communion service. It was thought to have been one of the best services of the year. All of the meetings were attended by representative groups of peopl and the influence of the meetings has been exceptionally fine.

In connection with these special spiritual gatherings the minister has been working with his Sunday School teachers and officers to bring about decisions for Christ among the pupils. As a result some forty children and young people have decided to begin to live consciously as Christians. Some of these united with the church Easter Sunday.

The grand climax of this special effort came on Sunday morning with a young people's sunrise prayer meeting, a Sunday School Easter program at 10 o'clock, and a wonderfully inspiring Easter service at 11 o'clock. At this service fourteen new members were received all but three coming in on confession of faith. This makes fifty-three new members since last Easter. The goal was set at 50 but the mark was passed. Mr. King preached a sermon on "Life Eternal" to an eager, interested congregation that filled the large auditorium. In the evening there was a splendid program arranged by the Intermediate Endeavorers and this was followed by a very fine sacred concert in charge of Miss Nella Rogers of the Conservatory of Music of the College of the Pacific assisted by a number of conservatory pupils. The day will never be forgotten because it was a great day spiritually as well as a day packed full of enthusiasm and encouragement.

EASTER AT GUERNEVILLE.

Easter was the greatest day in the history of our church at Guerneville. Thirty-three were received into the church on confession of faith and one by letter making a total of thirty-four which more than doubled the membership. Nine of the thirty-four were men, and these were among the leading business men in town.

The congregations were unusually large and the interest in the day and the church was far reaching. The whole community seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and men came out to church who were never before seen to enter it.

The church edifice was newly papered and presented a beautiful and wholesome appearance. The large chorus furnished us with splendid music. A good offering was taken for missions the first in many years. A movement is on foot to organize a men's Bible class to be under the direction of the pastor. This class will take up a special study in the social phases of the lessons, and especially the social teachings of Jesus. The Ladies' Aid is adding new members nearly every week. All departments of the church are taking on new life, but it has been a steady constant process of growth and development without any superficial, spasmodic effort.

GROWTH AT MARTINEZ.

Martinez saw the palmy days of youth some years ago. The palmy days of vigorous maturity are now being lived. The town has increased one-half during the last two years. The general prosperity has appeared in public improvements and in business and residence developments.

The coming of Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson was opportune. In the six months of his pastorate audiences have doubled and the Church School has grown in like ratio. Our fellowship may well rejoice in the marked prosperity that is rewarding the tireless labors of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson and their devoted people. M. B. F.

SUISUN.

A large congregation was present at the quarterly communion service on April 1, and a delightful spirit of fellowship was manifest. A little baby boy from San Francisco was dedicated to God in baptism. On Easter Sunday a full house enjoyed both services. In the morning the pastor preached an Easter sermon on Col. 3:1. A large choir rendered special music and led the congregation in appropriate hymns. Five were received into Church membership on confession, four of them receiving baptism. In the evening the Sunday School and the morning choir jointly rendered an excellent Easter program. In the way of making the most of Easter Sunday for the honor of our Lord, the day was also made a missionary day for all our benevolent societies by both church and Sunday School, and a generous offering will immediately go forward to our Conference Treasury.

REDWOOD CITY.

Easter Sunday was a great day. Chairs were placed in the aisles to accommodate the audience. Seven were received into the church—one by letter. Two children were baptized.

SAN MATEO.

The church was well filled at both services on Easter Sunday. Decorations were beautiful and the music of a high order. Seventeen persons united with the church in the morning, eight adults by letter and nine young people on confession of faith. A special home missionary offering of $80 was received.

Passion week was observed with two special services on Wednesday and Friday, the pastor preaching on Friday evening.

The Ladies' Aid Society realized $25 from the food sale held last Saturday. Several of the ladies are planning to attend the missionary meeting to be held at Palo Alto on Tuesday of this week when Mrs. Emrich will speak.

The Sunday School attendance was 122 last Sunday—five more than the last highest attendance. An orchestra of ten violins is an attractive feature of the Sunday school.

PACIFIC GROVE.

On Easter Sunday eleven new members were received by Mayflower Church on confession of faith, and two by letter.

RESULT OF PERSONAL WORK CAMPAIGN AT PETALUMA.

Rev. F. Farrington, pastor of the Congregational Church at Petaluma, has been carrying on a personal work campaign for the past three weeks, and as a result thirty people joined the church Easter morning, twenty-two on confession of faith, and eight by letter.

The choir has been augmented to the extent of twenty-five. The church purchased material for choir vestments, and the Mayflower Aid Society of the church gave much time in making them. The large choir, under the direction of Prof. J. L. Elmquist, appeared in their new vestments Sunday morning.

LA MESA.

The church is working an efficiency plan having divided the parish into ten districts and securing a look-out committee for each.

As a result on our Communion Sabbath April 1st, four adults were received into the church; one Methodist minister from N. Y. Conference, one Episcopalian confirmed by Bishop Potter, one Methodist layman, and one original Congregationalist from Dr. Gunsaulus' church in Chicago.

The Methodist church was inspired to take a like step and the town will be canvassed and each church notified of people favoring its policy.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

The spring meeting will be held at National City on Tuesday of next week.

In the forenoon the Rev. A. B. Peebles of Alpine will speak on "The Unorganized Field." Rev. C. L. Goddard of Escondido on "The Church and the Public Conscience." Miss Mabel E. Water of La Mesa on "The Church on Trial."

In the afternoon Mrs. Henry Porter of La Mesa will speak on "The World Mission Field Today."

Mrs. W. H. Perry of San Diego on "Teaching Beginners in the Sunday School." The Rev. J. S. Voorhees of La Jolla on "Preparing for Our Tercentenary." The Rev. Isaac Cookman of San Diego on "Sane Evangelism."

Tuesday evening Secretary Kelsey of the American Board will speak on "The Secret of the Viality of the Pauline Churches."

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Last Sunday the Congregational Church at Scappoose, twenty-one miles northwest of this city, Rev. C. H. Johnston, pastor, was re-dedicated, after being practically rebuilt and enlarged to accommodate the needs of the growing community, at an expense of approximately $800, all paid except a trifling sum. The invocation was by Rev. D. J. Taylor, responsive reading, Rev. W. H. Meyer; Solo, Miss Helen Watts; Anthem, "Holy Art Thou," by an unusually well trained chorus choir of twenty-four voices, a choir that would equal in expression many city choirs; Sermon, Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., the ninth he has assisted in dedicating since he has held pastoral relations here; Duet, Mrs. Johnston and Miss Johnston, wife and daughter of the pastor, both well trained musicians; Quartette, "Seek ye the Lord"; dedicatory prayer, Rev. A. C. Moses; closing Anthem, "O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem," by the chorus choir, very effectively rendered. Pastor Johnston has been indefatigable in his labors here, in season and out of season; and the little town supports the work very much better than the average towns of its size, a population of 300. One quite fortunate thing is that this is the only Protestant church in the place. The local congregation was greatly encouraged by the presence at this service of a number of persons from the different Congregational Churches of Portland. This was a practical exhibition of Christian fellowship that ought to be repeated much more frequently than it is.

At a red-letter social gathering on March 6th at the Laurelwood Church in this city, the special feature of the evening was the burning of the mortgage which has been upon the church for several years. During the past year the church has not had a pastor, but two of the members, Rev. C. W. Wells and Mrs. J. J. Handsaker, divided the pulpit duties without charge in order that the money thus saved might be used to pay off the mortgage.

Rev. Thomas McClelland, D.D., who resigned the Presidency of Pacific University, Forest Grove in 1905 to accept the presidency of Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, has resigned. The resignation which has just been made public was submitted last year, but Dr. McClelland was prevailed upon to remain another year. Through the efforts of Dr. McClelland in the twelve years of his administration $1,100,000 have been added to the endowment of Knox College.

Portland, April 1, 1917.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

It is a matter to be devoutly thankful for, when the storm-tossed conditions of the world at this time are taken into account, when nation after nation has been drawn into fierce conflict with each other; and now that our own be-

loved country has been compelled in self-defence to enter the lists, to realize that after all the spirit of the Master broods upon the troubled waters and speaks with the still small voice to multitudes so persuasively that numberless scores have this Easter Day publicly confessed allegiance to their Creator.

What the result has been throughout this city cannot be told, but the ingathering by a few of the Congregational churches will be given, as indicative of the spirit prevailing in the larger number of the churches of this city, and probably throughout the nation at large.

In the Sunnyside Church, Rev. John J. Staub, D.D., pastor, there were thirty-two accessions—22 on confession and 10 by letter. Infant baptisms, 8. Dr. Staub, who became sick some time ago, has practically recovered, and for the past two weeks has been sufficiently strong to fill his pulpit. His audiences were unusually large today.

Pilgrim Church, Rev. William C. Kantner, D.D., pastor, was filled to overflowing today. Eight new members were received, making nineteen since the first of the year. Passion week services were observed every night except Saturday.

Waverly Heights Church, Rev. A. C. Moses, pastor, had nineteen accessions—eleven on confession and eight by letter. Infant baptisms one. The day closed with a special Easter concert. Audiences at both services were unusually large.

Zion Church (German), Rev. John Hopp, pastor, had fourteen accessions—all on confession, and a number of infant baptisms. The attendance at the service was over six hundred, and at Sunday-school 276.

The Atkinson Memorial Church, Rev. Warren Morse, pastor, had eight additions, with good audiences at both services and at the Sunday-school. Mr. Morse is a new man in this church, but is winning his way very acceptably, and his pleasing personality and earnestness is having its effect.

The First Church, Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., pastor, twenty-four additions—thirteen on confession and eleven by letter. Infant baptisms, 15. Both audiences were much larger than usual, as well as the Sunday-school. Beginning with the second Sunday in March there was a change in the hours of the first service of the day and the Sunday-school. Now the church service begins at 10:30 a. m. and the Sunday-school at 12 m. For a number of years prior to the date noted, the Sunday-school began at 9:50 a. m. and the church service at 11 a. m. It is believed that the present hours will be more satisfactory than those before the change. Oregon Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, attended the evening service .

Portland, April 8, 1917.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Raymond Robins closed his series of lectures at the Washington State College last Monday evening. It is universally admitted that the meetings were a great success. This is what the College paper had to say:

"Raymond Robins knows how to talk to college men. He can get a hearing because he knows men and talks to them on a man's footing and not as a person who has temporarily stepped down from some lofty pedestal to get a few remarks out of his system on the beauty of the 'straight and narrow.' The day has gone by, if it ever did exist, when self-appointed angels can deliver sob sermons in vibrant preacher tones and get away with it. Robins has the good sense to know this and his appeal for cleaner, broader living is going to stick lots tighter because he kept his head and his heart with his audience every minute he was here.

"Robins has done much for us. He has advocated a life of Christian living and we have listened to him with respect because he has exemplified such a life. He stands the supreme test: he practices that which he preaches."

He was greeted each time with record crowds and was given the closest attention. The lectures were pronounced as sincere, direct and courageous appals that went straight to the hearts of the hearers. The Sunday night lecture on "Mastery and Power," was declared by many as the most powerful address they had ever heard. There was nothing of the morbid, sensational, or sentimental about the addresses. They were merely wholesome, straightforward, gripping appeals to the best that is in the individual. The speaker's vigorous, intense, sincere, and clean personality had much to do with his effective appeal.

Rev. C. H. Harrison writes: "He made a profound impression upon the whole community. It is no uncommon thing to hear any few business men or students who did not hear him, that they regret it exceedingly. Some men give the impression of being men of God, but he gave me the feeling of his being a Godly man."

Mr. Robins was at Spokane on Tuesday last and gave an address at a noon banquet held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The writer agrees with many testimonies given, that it was among the greatest speeches he ever heard; in some rspects surpassing all. He reached the very heights of eloquence and effectiveness in his eulogy of David Lloyd George.

The Congregational Alliance met last Monday with good attendance. The writer read a paper reviewing the late Sylvester Horne's Yale lectures on "The Romance of Preaching." The lectures are earnestly recommended to all preachers.

On the same day Rev. A. A. Doyle, of Hillyard, gave an interesting address, which elicited much discussion at the general ministers' meeting.

The Rev. Jacob Spoolman, of Chewelah, has resigned.

Rev. J. T. Munton, of St. John, will close his labors at the end of this month.

Rev. W. D. Eddy is serving the Elk Church temporarily in connection with Chatteroy.

Rev. W. P. Ames, of Cheney, testifies that the winter's work has been the most satisfactory in all his ministry. There has been progress in all departments of church work. Their greatest problem is the financial, because the constituency is largely students of the Normal school.

The Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Association will meet at Colfax the first and second of May. The general theme is: "The Principles of Jesus Christ as Applied to World Problems." Rev. W. D. Pritchard, moderator; Rev. W. P. Ames, preacher.

Spokane, Wash., April 6th, 1917.

A HYMN OF BROTHERHOOD.

By Rev. W. W. Cochrane.

God of the Sea and of the Land,
With heroes true our ships are manned;
Our soldier boys upon the lea
In righteousness keep step with Thee,
May Thy great Name and Purpose be
Our song of strength on land and sea.

Our honor and our lives we give
That all with equal rights may live;
Our hopes and aims shall never feed

On heartless autocratic greed.
Thy sons are men and shall be free
To toil and live and worship Thee.

To Nations weak Thou gavest birth,
They have their place upon the earth;
God of our fathers, richly bless
With peace and love and happiness!
Then sons shall gather at Thy knee
And know but one Fraternity.

God of the Nations, give us peace;
May hate and war forever cease.
Tho crushed on red fields of the slain,
May justice live, may peoples reign.
All men, from selăsh ills set free,
Thy people, thine alone, shalt be.

Sprague, Wash.

The Home

THE LYING PARENT.

"The train is whistling. The train is whistling. The train is whistling. I say, the train is whistling. Do you hear what I say? The train is whistling! Mother **do you hear what I say?. The train is whistling!** THE TRAIN IS WHISTLING! Mother, **don't you hear what I say?"**

"Yes, I heard you," said the mother at last, coldly. "I heard you, but it is of no consequence. Be quiet."

So the poor little four-year-old, who had been trying to give her mother some useful information, and who had been nearly in a panic because of the woman's indifference, sank back in the seat, snubbed. They had been waiting in the station nearly half an hour. I sat near them and could see how tired the little girl was getting, sitting on the hard bench with little legs dangling from the seat too wide for her to be comfortable in any position. Every whistle, every locomotive bell, was a source of new distress, a new effort to arouse a stupid woman and a fresh rebuff.

The mother was beautiful and exquisitely gowned. So was the child. Evidently the family was one of wealth and standing; but I tell you you never saw in an East Side tenement a more disheartening instance of unfit, ignorant mother and mismanaged child. The woman had not the smallest knowledge of or interest in the mind of that lovely little daughter. But there was worse to come.

* * * * *

After a final, effective squelching, the little girl sank back and tried to find some other means of passing the time. Her hands were empty, nobody was speaking to her; I was a little too far away, though I wanted to, dreadfully. She had been quiet before; she could be quiet again, with only an occasional wiggle.

Pretty soon the strain of repression came to be too much for her; so she began to give out funny little half-audible yelps, like a puppy—not very loud; just loud enough to let off steam, as a normal child might be expected to do under the circumstances.

At last her mother took notice, and grabbed her by the arm.

"Keep quiet! You will be arrested if you make those noises any more. See that man with the red cap? He is looking around to see who is making the noises. You'd better keep very still."

The child gasped a bit and subsided. She watched the red-cap man for awhile, and then, looking up into her mother's face, she said, slowly:

"I don't believe he was looking for me, and he won't arrest me, either."

At four years this little girl had satisfied herself that her mother was a liar, and was telling her so to her face. At four years! What would their relations be later on? Of course, it was evident that this was not the first time the child had caught her mother lying to her; I could see that she had no respect for her mother's word—why should she? Even at the age of four one doesn't have to be lied to more than a few times to settle the status of the person who has done the lying.

* * * * *

Spoiled child? Certainly, but who spoiled her, Children aren't born spoiled. You have to spoil them. This child's mother has always threatened her with empty, lying threats, and the child long ago discovered that the threats had no foundation in fact.

I remember two very aristocratic persons up in the Berkshires, at whose house I was visiting, and who promised their little boy one day that if he would be good all morning they would take him for a ride in the afternoon. He kept his part of this bribery, but they violated theirs and went away without him. As the door closed upon the parents he turned to me and said, with not unpardonable heat and only rhetorical exaggeration:

"There go the two biggest liars in the State of Massachusetts!"

I did not dispute him. I felt about it just as he did.

* * * * *

Why is it that women will study Modern Art and Tendencies of the Drama and goodness knows what else, and will not try to understand the minds of their own live children? They will take courses in Political Economy, Mongolian Folklore, the Domestic Relations of Prehistoric Fish, but they will not be bothered with Human Psychology, the Rights of Children, Kindergarten, Montessori, or anything else related to their principal business in life. Thank goodness, there are many, many mothers of whom this is not true; but dreadfully many of whom it is an understatement.

Parents' lies to children begin at the very beginning. Instead of teaching him to control himself and be satisfied when he has had enough, you lie to him and tell him "there isn't any more." Don't you, now? Why should the child not lie as well as you? He has a better excuse, for you have set him the example, and he doesn't know any better. He does not know the facts; he does not see things clearly, with eyes of experience. He lives in a world where the real and the imaginary are divided by an invisible line.

Try to tell the truth to your child for an hour tomorrow; then for a day, then for a week. It may not be easy to quit threatening and bribing and misrepresenting. And it may take a long time for you to convince your child that you are not the liar he has come to think you. But it is worth while. I venture to say that most of the perjury in court is committed by men and women whose parents taught them to lie.—New York Post.

For The Children.

THE THREE FEATHERS.

This story begins, as do so many others of the best ones, with three brothers who were about to set out to seek their fortunes. Two of these youths were considered clever, but the youngest, whose name was Dummling, had always very

little to say for himself. But the King, their father, thought it was time that they set forth upon their adventures, and he told them that whoever could bring him back from his travels the most beautiful carpet should one day be King in that land. So the brothers made ready to depart, but they did not wish to journey in the same direction; they accordingly went up to the roof of the palace and blew three feathers up into the air. One of the feathers flew toward the west, another toward the east, and the third went but a little distance before it fluttered suddenly to the ground. One brother immediately said his farewell and started out in the direction which the east-going feather had taken, the second brother followed the course of the west-going feather, while the unfortunate younger brother went to where the third feather lay upon the ground, and there he sat forlornly down beside it.

Dummling, the third brother, did not know what to do, but he desired as much as his brothers to seek his fortune; although he could not follow a feather, there might be some road to adventure. All at once he discovered that he was looking straight at a mysterious trap-door in the ground. Lifting this door, he saw a flight of steps which lead downward. Without hesitation, he descended these steps until he came upon a small door, and upon this he knocked politely.

As the door opened he heard a voice singing:

"Little frog so green and cold,
I prithee open and behold
Who it is that knocks so bold."

Then Dummling saw before him a circle of small frogs in the center of which there sat a large frog. This important personage bowed to the visitor and asked what he could do for him.

"I shall be grateful," replied Dummling, bowing in his turn, "if you could tell where I may find the most beautiful carpet in all the world."

At once the frog directed one of the smaller frogs to bring him a big casket. When this huge box had been dragged into the apartment, the big frog took a key which hung about his neck upon a chain, unlocked the box and pulled out the most beautiful carpet in all the world. Dummling, being presented with this treasure, hurriedly thanked the frog and departed on his way back to his father's palace.

While Dummling had been with the frogs underground, the other two brothers had done but little; they had not gone in different directions, after all, but had simply said to each other: "Dummling will never find any carpet at all, for he is not clever enough. Let us just buy the shawl from any peasont woman whom we may chance to meet. It will be fine enough to gain us the kingdom." So they brought back just an ordinary old shawl with them, and they and Dummling arrived at the same time. But, of course, when the King saw the old shawl which the two older brothers had brought, and then looked upon the carpet which Dummling proudly spread out for his view, he could not hesitate. "Dummling has unquestionably won the kingdom with his carpet, which is the most beautiful in all the world," so he said. But the two elder brothers could not give up so easily, for they themselves wanted the kingdom.

So the King was persuaded to offer them another test, this time offering the realm to the son who should bring him back the most lovely ring that was ever seen. So again the brothers tossed three feathers in the air, and again Dummling's feather alighted just near the trap-door which gave him entrance to the steps. Having told the big frog what he required this time, an enormous jewel casket was pulled in, and out of it the frog took a ring which shown with all kinds of splendid jewels. Having thanked the frog wramly, Dummling took the ring and hurried back to the palace where his brothers had just arrived before him, bearing two ugly nails which they had hastily made from two rusty nails. Once again they had convinced themselves that it would be easy to beat Dummling. But the King took only a moment to ploclaim: "The kingdom goes to Dummling."

However, the two elder brothers were very angry at this outcome of the business, so the King had to make one more condition. This time his realm was promised to whichever son should bring back the most beautiful woman in the world. The feathers were for the third time blown into the air, and the brothers again set out. For the third time, Dummling opened the trap-door and descended the stairs, only to confront the big frog in due time. This time the frog seemed surprised. "It's not every one who gets the most beautiful woman in the world," he said, "but I'll see what I can do for you. First take this," and there was placed in Dummling's hands a tiny carriage made of a hollow carrot, to which were harnessed six tiny white mice. Then Dummling was directed to lift one of the smaller frogs into the seat of the carriage. No sooner had the small frog touched the seat of the carriage than she became a beautiful maiden—surely the most beautiful maiden in all the world, thought Dummling joyfully, as he hurried back with her to the palace.

Of course, the elder brothers had merely brought with them two ordinary peasant girls, and, equally of course, Dummling was awarded the kingdom for the third time. But the disappointed, lazy elder brothers insisted upon a fourth test, which was that the three maidens must jump through a hoop to prove which one could do it in the prettiest manner. But this was quite as simple a task for the beautiful maiden who had come along with Dummling as the winning of the beauty test; so the elder brothers were forced to accord the kingdom to Dummling. And we read that he ruled long and wisely. (Retold from the German of Grimm.)

THE SLEEPING APPLE.

High up in a tree, among the green leaves, hung a little apple with such rosy cheeks it looked as though it might be sleeping. A little child came near, and, standing under its branches she looked up and called to the apple; "O apple! come to me; do come down to me; you do not need to sleep so long."

She called so long and begged so hard, but the apple did not waken; it did not move in its bed, but looked as though it was laughing at her in its sleep.

Then came the bright sun; high in the heavens he shone. "O Sun! lovely Sun!" said the child, "please waken the apple for me." The Sun said: "O yes; with pleasure I will." So he sent his bright beams straight in the face of the apple and kissed it kindly, but the apple did not move a bit.

Then there came a bird, and perched upon a bough of the tree and sang a beautiful song, but even that did not waken the sleeping apple. Then came the wind. And what happened now? "I know," said the child, "he will not kiss the apple—and he cannot sing to it, he will try another way." Sure enough the wind puffed out his cheeks and blew and blew, and shook the tree, and the little apple was so frightened that it awoke and jumped down from the tree and fell right in the apron of the little child. She was much surprised, and so glad that she said to him, "I thank you very much, Mr. Wind." —(From an old number of the Kindergarten Magazine.)

THE FLAG IS PASSING BY!

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drms,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

* * * * * *

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—Henry Holcomb Bennett.

He doeth all things well; and He doeth them all at the right time, and in the right way and to the right people.—Alexander Whyte.

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